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A. Y. M.
HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.
Meets third Monday night in each month.
JOHN P. TRACY, W. M.
SAM E. HULL, Secy.

R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110
Meets second Monday night in each month.
M. E. W. H. HARRIS, H. P.
Comp. H. WEINSTEIN, Secy.

I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 158.
Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the second and fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.
L. BARNETT, N. H. Wm. PHIPPS, Secy.
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Tenders his Professional Services to the citizens of Hartford and vicinity.
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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOIST WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 2. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., DECEMBER 13, 1876. NO. 49.

HARTFORD HERALD,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
JOHN P. BARNETT, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription:
One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

Laws Relating to Newspaper Subscription and Arrangements.

In response to a request, we give the law as it stands relating to newspapers and subscribers:

1. Subscribers who do not express notice (the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.)

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, there is a legal responsibility on the publisher to send them until all arrearages are paid.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former place, they are held responsible.

5. Any person who sends a newspaper or other publication to another person, and the publisher is notified, is held responsible for the same.

6. If a subscriber gives notice to a publisher, at the end of three months, that he wishes to discontinue, the publisher is held responsible to stop the paper, and if he does not, he is liable for the same.

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"Don't do that, my dear," said Miss Pry; "pack your bag and go with the baby. Who knows when you may again have an opportunity? And I'll make it my business to watch Winkfield."

"But how?" questioned the perplexed young wife.

"Just give me the key of the back stair doorway," said Miss Pry. "I'll secrete myself in the china closet that opens out of the dining room. I'll listen. I'll find out the secrets of the whole tribe and generation of 'em! And I'll tell you every single word I hear."

"But—would that be honorable?" hesitated Mrs. Winkfield.

"Honorable," dolefully repeated Miss Pry. "My poor dear don't you know that as women must avail ourselves of every possible means of keeping even with those tyrants, the men?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Winkfield, restlessly twining and intertwining her fingers. "But I never could have believed that Charles would treat me so."

"They're all alike," said Miss Pry. "and we single women are a great deal the best off. I would not marry, not if forty men were to go down on their knees to me at once. No, indeed! I value my independence too much for that!"

And Miss Patty tossed her head with a snarl, half of triumph, half of disdain.

Mrs. Winkfield gave her the key. She knew she was a soft hearted, easily deluded little thing, and had a great respect for Miss Patty Pry's discrimination and judgment.

But her conscience pricked her a little when Winkfield took her to the station, and bought oranges for the baby and little Minnie.

She would have confessed all if Miss Patty had not been there to see her off.

"I shall count every moment until you come back, Mary," said Winkfield, with a farewell kiss.

"Ah—h—h the deceiver!" hissed Miss Pry, on the side.

"Because you know," added the unscrupulous Benedict, "it's so lonely for a fellow to sit down to tea with you and the minikins gone?"

"And oysters and champagne," hysterically giggled Miss Pry, so close to Mrs. Winkfield's face that every word seemed to tickle her ear-drums. "Oh, yes, dread it's lonely. Hal hal hal!"

And so Mrs. Winkfield set off on her ten-mile journey.

Miss Pry hurried back, and letting herself on the sly into the back staircase door, crept up into the dining-room, cased herself comfortably in the china closet.

"I shan't be disturbed. And I shall have an opportunity to convince Mary Winkfield that her husband is a villain."

Which possibility gave Miss Patty Pry a good deal of solid satisfaction, considering what a devout Christian she had always professed to be.

"I'm early," she said to herself, as the clock in the adjoining room struck four. "I shall have a long time to wait. But it won't do to risk anything in this world."

At six Mr. Winkfield came home to his tea, and drank it alone; Miss Patty had to needs into a most uncomfortable angle to avoid being discovered by Barbara, the deaf little maid, as she tripped to and fro with the table ferret.

"But it won't be for long," thought Miss Patty Pry. "The guests will soon begin to arrive."

Barbara put coal on the fire, hung up the hearth brush and withdrew.

Mr. Winkfield lighted his cigar, and began to smoke and read with his slippers on the fender.

Miss Pry regarded him intently through the crack of the door.

Isn't he going to change his coat or dress himself up?" she asked herself.

"Upon my word, he's taking matters very coolly."

Seven o'clock—no clock—9 o'clock—10 o'clock, and still no company arrived.

Miss Pry began toidget fearfully in her cramped up little den, but still Mr. Winkfield read composedly on, turning leaf after leaf with a serenity that was aggravating in the highest degree to Miss Patty Pry.

Eleven!

Mrs. Winkfield rose with a prodigious yawn, turned down the gas and locked the china-closet door on the outside.

side. Then he went up stairs, thinking the silver quite safe in the closet, and little dreaming of the other valuable that was incarcerated there.

The next morning, just as Mr. Winkfield was taking in the morning paper, little Barbara came to him.

"Oh, sir," said she, "I think there's a burglar in the china-closet. Such a screaming and shrieking as there is there."

"But it's locked," said Mr. Winkfield. "And I've got the key in my pocket."

"Then they're locked in, sir," said little Barbara, pale as a ghost. "Oh, sir, the noise is perfectly awful. Won't you please come and listen for yourself, sir?"

Mr. Winkfield got a revolver and the kitchen poker, and thus armed, proceeded to unlock the closet.

There, crouched up in a corner, with a pocket handkerchief pressed to her face, sat Miss Patty Pry, the victim of a shrew attack of neuralgia in the jaw bone.

"Hallo!" shouted Mr. Winkfield, scarcely able to believe his own eyes. "Miss Pry!"

"I was locked in by mistake," said Miss Patty, between the jerks of pain. "Please let me out."

At the same moment there was a turmoil on the stairs—Mrs. Winkfield and the babies returned by the early train.

The little wife flew into her husband's arms.

"Dear Charles," she sobbed, "I couldn't sleep for thinking I'd set spies on you. And I'll never, never do that again."

"There's been nobody here but rats and mice and black beetles," said Miss Patty, behind her pocket handkerchief. "And if I'd known you were a weak, poor-spirited thing, Mary Winkfield, I would never have offered to help you."

"I want no more of your help," said Mrs. Winkfield, with a spark of courage. "Get a husband of your own, if you want to play the spy and eaves-dropper."

Miss Patty Pry went home in a rage and didn't speak to Mrs. Winkfield for three weeks.

"To be sure," said she, "Mr. Winkfield did not give a bachelor's supper that night, but it wasn't my fault. And for Mary to be so ungrateful, too, after the neuralgia I got in that damp cellar, looking after her concerns."

While Mr. Winkfield's vendict is—"Served her right, she's got a spy's reward."

Lazy people eat more than the busy, at least for a while, because it affords them enjoyment. It is a standing source of gratification until they become dyspeptic, when every meal becomes more or less a torture. But want of occupation has its attendant moral evils as well as physical. Idlers are nervous, selfish, peevish, cross—ill nature becomes a second nature, and they grumble and complain and whine from morning until night, with change intervals of surliness, but ever so transient.

A SAD COINCIDENCE.—Not a thousand miles from Richmond a wife lay in a dying condition. Having brought up a clever orphan girl, who was given the dying woman called the young woman to her and said: "I will soon leave you my little children, motherless. They know you and love you, and after I am gone I want you and my husband to marry." The young woman, bursting into tears, said: "We were just talking about that."—*Lyndbury News.*

A young man using "Cocoa and Kiss Me, Little Sweetheart," under the shadow of his girl's house, supposing that she was looking out; but it was her father, as the young man well understood, when a lamp was raised on his head with a hair-brush.

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. But every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles.

A fashionable journal says: "Waits are to be longer this year." This, however, will not keep us from putting our arms around them just the same.

Blind Tom has visited the Centennial. He was much pleased with all that he saw.

BELLAMY ON THE SITUATION.

Some Ideas About the Intimidated People in the Land—A Little Humor and a Good Deal of Truth.

[Courier-Journal.]

ROME, GA., Nov. 17, 1876.—You must excuse me, but it is impossible to suppress myself altogether at this time.

I feel like a little crow in the pines and help digestion, and do me good generally. And didn't we help 'em; and didn't you say his name was Hayes? and is he the man who said he didn't mind it himself, but his heart bled for the poor nigger? Priests and levites of Jesus may march on and bleed his pocket? Why, bless your soul, the nigger is free. He can go to Ohio if he wants to. We haven't got 'em penned up. If Hayes, or whatever his name is, will call 'em, they'll come. Ain't it curious these dukes don't go to their friends? Ain't it curious their friends don't come down to see 'em if they are so overcast? Sorry? Maybe they are intimidated. The truth is, Mr. Watterson, then Radicals give the nigger nothing to humiliate and out-vote us, but they never count on it giving us 20 more votes in making a President. The negro vote for Hayes, if that's his name, will elect Mr. Tilden. Hurrah for the nigger. Next thing you hear of these Radicals will be trying to take away his voter column him in some furin' land.

But it's too late—the dog is dead. They may talk about intimidation and countin' out and countin' on, but they can't do it. Knees don't take things in this game. They stacked the cards and had the shuffle and deal, and we won it and the stakes were bound to have. We'll fight it out, sure. For if the worst comes to the worst, we'll whip 'em again. Two hundred and fifty thousand majority settled this question. As General Gordon said: "Stand up, my countrymen, stand up; don't wilt nor wither; we have met the enemy and they are ours—that is if we can keep 'em. I know they are as slippery as eels, but we must hold 'em. The life of the nation depends on it. Liberty and free speech and labor reform are all in peril. Four more years of Radical rule and this country will be as lifeless as an Egyptian mummy. They must be allowed to steer the ship any longer, its agony natur. It's the law of Moses, and Revelation, and the Shorter Catechism, and long-meter doxology." My wife says if the fight must come, the women ought to take a hand this time, and she is ready to take hair with old Mother Hayes, if that's her name, or any other woman who is mournin' for the nigger. Mr. Watterson, sir, we have patiently bided our time. We saw this glorious event a comin' if it wasn't a war in the East, it was a warin' borealis in the North. We knew there was justice and generosity in the bosom of Northern Democrats. For a long time we've been listenin' to the ramblin' timbre of their indignation. Ever and anon it has vibrated upon the air like the stroke of a young earthquake, and we've lived in hope and defied despair until at last the pent-up storm came down upon 'em like an Alpine avalanche, or a smother in the desert, or a typhoon of the tropics, or a cyclone of the raging seas. Oh it was terrible, terrible! Excuse me for growing eloquent, if you please, for it seems to me I still hear the mighty voices of three millions of honest Democrats exclaimin' with triumphant tongues, "Get out of these Angan stables and let us turn the Potomac in. The stretch of your corruption has overspread the land. We have made the rich richer and the poor poorer. We have smothered honesty, garroted industry and down disced among kindred. Ye have put your Southern brethren in a pit and called their shirts in pocket-money, and called it blood to deceive the people, but like Joseph of old, they will yet be put in power and save the land from ruin and destruction. Joseph's brethren repented in tears and sorrow, but ye will not repent. They did not steal his silver cup, but ye will steal and carry away in your carpet-bags not only the cups, but the saucers and the spoons."

Why, sir, the first official advertisement Mr. Tilden will put in the Washington papers will be fixin' a day of thanksgivin' and callin' for sealed proposals for a penitentiary big enough to accommodate 20,000 radical thieves

who have stolen a thousand million of dollars from the national treasury.

Mr. Watterson, sir, Uncle Sammy Tilden is again to take his seat in that cheer-if he lives. There's doubts about a heap of things in this subliminary world, but there ain't no doubts about that. Let 'em rip and roar and snort and cavort like a dyin' alligator if they want to, but my private opinion is a heap of 'em had better be marshallin' their seats for transportation to some furin' and unknown clime. Intimidation! Oh my country! Amazing impudence! Who has been intimidated for the last ten years? Haven't they kept us under hoppers all the time? Haven't they divided the time about half-and-half between us and the Injuns?—Let 'em hunt for intimidation nearer home. Why, sir, there were hundreds of humble Democrats in Ohio and Pennsylvania who wanted to vote for Mr. Tilden, but their neck and head depended on not doing it. How about all of the workmen in the shops, mills and factories that belonged to the Radicals who made their boards fortunes out of the late war? There was no intimidation, of course, but the boss calls them up and says: "You can vote as you please, but if you don't vote for Hayes (didn't you say that was his name) you can come to the captain's office and settle, and get your walkin' papers."

The truth is, Mr. Watterson, these Radical cowards have been afraid of us so long that they have got intimidation on the brain. Ben Butler was invited to go to New Orleans to help count, but he didn't go. He replied by telegraph—"Great spoons! I can't go. I feel intimidated." Now, the worst case I have heard of is Jack Allen's. He had three hundred niggers on his sugar plantation, and he pressed for labor he offered every dinkie who would stay at home an extra dollar in silver, and they stayed. The shine of the coin intimidated 'em, and so Louisiana is to be set down for—did you say his name was Hayes?

Now for the other side of the picture. These Radical rascals made the poor nigger believe that if Mr. Tilden was elected they would all be put up on the block and sold into slavery. They were made to believe a lie and put in fear of their liberty, and if that wasn't intimidation what is it? Why, sir, in the last ten days 17 of 'em have asked me to buy 'em when the sale comes off, but I'm afraid to do it. They have followed these Radicals so long I'm afraid they would steal everything I've got. Sur, if there was some high and mighty writher of these issues who would speak to us from the clouds—some great and supreme judge a settin' on the topmost peak of the Rocky mountains a lookin' down with majestic wisdom upon this bedevilled and bewildered land, he would throw out every nigger vote that such intimidation carried to Hayes, which they say is his name. Sur, the intimidation was all on the other side. Even the carpet-buggers and scallawags who roost around us like buzzards watchin' a sick horse, would have voted for Uncle Sam if they hadn't been afraid of losin' their offices. They was intimidated, and now they are lamentin' they didn't do like Sam Bard, and flee from the wrath to come before it was too late, and make themselves manimous.

Sur, I know that all of us, more or less, are livin

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THE HERALD.

Arrival and Departure of the Falls.

Eastern and Western Mails leave at 10 a. m. and arrive at 1 p. m. every day. Sulphur Springs, Louisville, Henderson and Paducah leave every Thursday at 10 a. m. and arrive Saturday at 3 p. m.

The Owensboro mail, via Redd, Paducah, leaves at 10 a. m. and arrives at 11 a. m. Wednesday and Thursday at 11 a. m. and arrives at 11 a. m. Wednesday and Thursday at 11 a. m.

Do you take The Sunday Post?

If not, send for it immediately. It is the universal favorite, and all Southern editors are proud of it. Let a large club be raised without delay in this community. It is the only illustrated literary weekly in the South, and the press and people everywhere unite in pronouncing it the equal in every respect of any similar publication in America. The best literary talent of the whole country, North and South is writing for it, and it has something each week for all classes of readers. Its stories are superior in literary merit, and equal in thrilling interest, to those of any other paper, and its essays upon all subjects are from the best minds of the age.

In addition to thrilling new stories, a series of brilliant articles will begin on the CAMPAIGN AND BATTLES OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE, by COLONEL B. W. FEWELL, a distinguished military engineer of that army in all its trying times. These papers will explain all the movements of Generals Johnston, Hood and Sherman. Don't miss any of the numbers. They will read like a fascinating romance.

New and exciting stories are beginning every week or two.

State and local agents are being appointed everywhere, but let each community form a club at once and send on for the paper. Having passed successfully through two of the hardest years we shall ever see, it now challenges the admiration and unlimited support of the people. The price is \$3 a year, but clubs of four and upwards get it for \$2.50. Address Jno H. SEALS, Atlanta, Ga.

We club with the HARTFORD HERALD, and for \$4.00 you can secure your home paper and our great Southern literary journal, both of which everybody in this community should sustain.

It Didn't Suit.

Two or three weeks ago a Detroit boy after finishing the last chapter of a book called "The pleasures of the Deep," pleaded with his father to let him ship aboard a lake steamer. The old man smiled a grim smile, took the case under consideration, and in a few days the boy was on the rolling deep, having shipped as a greenhorn on a vessel in the lumber trade. He sailed to Saginaw, came back and crossed to Toledo, and next day he appeared in Detroit, lame and stiff, his throat sore, one eye nearly shut and a feeling of humbleness running all through him.

"What's back again?" cried the old man, as the boy entered the house.

"Yes, father, I want to saw all the wood for winter, bring in all the coal, clean out the cellar and paint the barn and you need not give me more than two meals a day."

"Don't you like sailing?"

"Father, you don't begin to realize anything about it. The Captain sailed right along on Sunday the same as any other day, and I believe he swore even harder. He wouldn't give me any umbrella when it rained, he made me sit up most all night, and two or three times he called me up at midnight and made me haul on ropes and drag old sails around. There wasn't a single night when all of us got off to bed at nine o'clock, and there wasn't a day that he didn't boss us around and break in upon us every time we got to reading anything good! I like land, father and I wish you owned a farm!"

—Detroit Free Press.

Some sharper advertised to furnish for \$1 infallible instruction "for securing the warm attention of a pretty woman." The answer to applicants for the secret was: "Step on her train."

An Irishman having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning upon receiving a quarter from the person as a reward for his service, looked first at the money and then at him, and at last exclaimed, "I'm overpaid for the job."

An old black woman, reciting her "specerence," said she had been to heaven. "Did you see any of de colored ladies dar?" asked a younger sister. "Oh, you git out; you 'pose I went in de kitchen when I was dar?"

Misspent Evenings.

The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on the street corners wastes in the course of a year three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would insure him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If in addition to wasting an hour each evening he spends ten cents for a clear which is usually the case, the amount thus wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by the luncheon at the corner, or the cigar not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You can not indulge in them without seriously injuring yourselves. You acquire ill and wasteful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habit thus formed in early life will remain with you to your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, not to devote that hour spent in idleness, which forever, you will improve each passing one and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.

Jederson's Ten Rules.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
Never spend your money before you have it.
Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
How much pain the evils we have cast off that have never happened.
Take things always by the smooth handle.
When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry count a hundred.

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They also buy all kinds of Country Produce, for which they will pay the highest market prices. They return the value of their purchases in their very best goods, and they are sold at lower prices than any other store in the county.

GIVE THEM A TRIAL.

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HILLWOOD HOTEL,

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—

The day train from Paducah to Louisville stops for dinner at this place. Passengers will find a good dinner for the small sum of 25 cents. The trains stopping enough to give passengers sufficient time to eat.

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Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Hartford and Ohio county that he is

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I will sell very low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of country produce. My motto is "Quick sales and small profits." not try.

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Sellenger Whisky 2 years

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

For Louisville, Paducah & Henderson, etc.

The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville daily except Sunday at 10 a. m. and arrives at Paducah at 3 p. m.

The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 10 a. m. and arrives at Louisville at 3 p. m.

The down train for Henderson leaves Louisville daily except Sunday at 10 a. m. and arrives at Henderson at 3 p. m.

The up train for Louisville leaves Henderson daily except Sunday at 10 a. m. and arrives at Louisville at 3 p. m.

The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville daily except Sunday at 10 a. m. and arrives at Paducah at 3 p. m.

The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 10 a. m. and arrives at Louisville at 3 p. m.

The down train for Henderson leaves Louisville daily except Sunday at 10 a. m. and arrives at Henderson at 3 p. m.

The up train for Louisville leaves Henderson daily except Sunday at 10 a. m. and arrives at Louisville at 3 p. m.

The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville daily except Sunday at 10 a. m. and arrives at Paducah at 3 p. m.

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